CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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FOSTER'S ARGUMENT FOR UNIVERSALISM.

BY REV. O. A. SKINNER.

In the year 1841, Mr. Foster, of whom we have spoken in a former article, wrote his famous letter on the *moral argument against endless punishment.* It was written in reply to the inquiries of a young Clergyman, concerning this doctrine. The letter is one of masterly strength, and would have conferred immortality upon its author, had he never written anything else. It commences by seeking to give some idea of *eternity* and *an eternity of suffering.* After expressing his wonder that religious minds can keep so quietly aloof from the amazing, the overwhelming contemplation of what they have the destiny and the near prospect of entering upon, he proceeds by attempting to present an idea of an eternity of woe.* He asks the reader to "imagine the number of particles, atoms, contained in this globe, and suppose them one by one annihilated, each in a thousand years, till all were gone; but just as well say a million, or a million of millions, of years or ages,—it is all the same as against infinite duration.

"Extend the thought of such a process to our whole mundane system, and finally to the whole material universe; it is still the same. Or, imagine a series of numerical figures, in close order, extended to a line of such a length that it would encircle the globe, like the equator,—or that would run along with the earth's orbit round the sun, or with the outermost planet, Uranus,—or that it would draw a circle of which the radius should be from the earth or sun to Sirius,—or that should encompass the entire material universe, which, as being material, cannot be infinite. The most stupendous of these measures of *time* would have an end; and would, when completed, be still *nothing to eternity.*"

In this calculation there is something startling, and in view of it, Mr. Foster might well say:

"Now think of an infliction of misery protracted through such a period, and at the end of it being only *commencing,*—not one smallest step nearer a conclusion, —the case just the same if that sum of figures were multiplied by itself."

From this he proceeds very naturally to speak of man, of the circumstances of his birth and education—his nature, and the evils by which he is surrounded. On this point he is singularly clear:

"Far be it from us to make light of the demerit of sin, and to remonstrate with the supreme Judge against a severe chastisement, of whatever moral nature we may regard the infliction to be. But still, what is man? He comes into the world with a nature fatally corrupt, and powerfully tending to actual evil. He comes among a crowd of temptations adapted to his innate evil propensities. He grows up (incomparably the greater portion of the race) in great ignorance, his judgment weak, and under numberless beguilements into error; while his passions and appetites are strong, his conscience unequally matched against their power,—in the majority of men, but feebly and rudely constituted. The influence of whatever good instructions he may receive is counteracted by a combination of opposite influences almost constantly acting on him. He is essentially and inevitably unapt to be powerfully acted on by what is invisible and future. In addition to all which, there is the intervention and activity of the great tempter and destroyer. In short, his condition is such that there is no hope of him, but fom a direct, special operation on him of what we denominate grace. *Is* it not so? *are* we not convinced? *is* it not the plain doctrine of Scripture? *is* there not irresistible evidence, from a view of the actual condition of the human world, that no man can become good in the Christian sense,—can become fit for a holy and happy place hereafter,—but by this operation *ab extra?* But this is arbitrary and discriminative on the part of the sovereign Agent, and independent of the will of man. And how awfully evident is it, that this indispensable operation takes place only on a comparatively small portion of the collective race!

"Now this creature, thus constituted and circumstanced, passes a few fleeting years on earth, a short, sinful course, in which he does often what, notwithstanding his ignorance and ill-disciplined judgment and conscience, he knows to be wrong, and neglects what he knows to be his duty; and, consequently, for a greater or less measure of guilt, widely different in different offenders, deserves punishment. But ENDLESS PUNISHMENT! HOPELESS MISERY, *through a duration to which the enormous terms above imagined will be absolutely* NOTHING! I acknowledge my *inability* (I would say it reverently) *to admit this belief, together with a belief in the Divine goodness,*—the belief that "God is love," that his tender mercies are over all his works. Goodness, benevolence, charity, as ascribed in supreme perfection to him, cannot mean a quality foreign to all human conceptions of goodness; it must be something analogous in principle to what himself has defined and required as goodness in his moral creatures, that, in adoring the Divine goodness, we may not be worshipping an "unknown God." But, if so, how would all our ideas be confounded, while contemplating him bringing, of his own sovereign will, a race of creatures into existence, in such a condition that they certainly will and must—*must* by their nature and circumstances—go wrong, and be miserable, unless prevented by especial grace, which is the privilege of only a small proportion of them, and at the same time affixing on their delinquency *a doom of*

* The extracts in this article are from Foster's Letters as published by Philips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.

which it is infinitely beyond the highest archangel's faculty to apprehend a thousandth part of the horror!

This reasoning is, in our view, wholly unanswerable. We grant that its basis is assumed. But to this there can be no objection, since all Christians admit it. Who denies the infinity of God's goodness? Where is the Christian who will stand up and say, God is not infinitely good? He cannot be found. There is not a Theologian of our country, who would be willing to risk his reputation, on such a denial. All admit this, just as much as they admit the Divine existence. I do not say, that they have no theories, which deny the infinity of God's goodness; for I believe that every theory which teaches endless misery, denies the infinity of God's goodness. And it does not, it seems to me, require much logical acumen to see this. Look at the idea a moment. If all men are not saved, the original cause must exist in God. It must be owing to some voluntary arrangement of his. In treating upon endless misery, theologians dwell upon secondary causes, and thus keep out of view all the responsibility of God in regard to it. They say, our endless misery is the effect of our corrupt nature, or our misuse of our powers, or our neglect of our opportunities, or something of the kind. But if we trace these causes back to the primary cause, we shall find that they never would have had an existence, had it not been for the voluntary arrangement of God. We could not have had our depravity of nature, had he not made us capable of it; our abuse of our agency could not result in endless misery unless he ordered that it should be so. He voluntarily made the arrangement, by which all secondary causes are put in operation; and if any one of them terminates in producing endless misery, or all of them combined result in producing this, the fact will show a want of goodness in God; for if his goodness had been infinite, he could not have made an arrangement which would produce such a result.

It does not help the case one atom to say, God does not desire such a result; for if his desire against it had been infinite, he would have so arranged his plan, as to prevent it. I am not arguing merely that there is goodness in God. My argument is, that his goodness is infinite—infinite in its extent—infinite in its degree—infinite in its duration—infinite in its desire to communicate happiness. And I say, that you can no more reconcile endless misery with such goodness, than you can reconcile infinite wisdom with folly, or infinite justice with cruelty.

It may perhaps, be said, that the moral argument for Universalism overlooks the justice of God, and exalts his goodness at the expense of his justice. Such however, is not the fact, as a few considerations will clearly show.

1. There is no justice in punishing a man endlessly for the sins of a few years! Call up Foster's representation of eternity, and then think of the brevity of human life, and you will agree with me in saying, there can be no justice in such an infliction. The reasoning of Foster on this point is overwhelming. Hear him.

"Can we,—I would say with reverence,—can we realize it as possible that a lost soul, after countless millions of ages, and in prospect of an interminable succession of such enormous periods, can be made to have the conviction, absolute and perfect, that *all this is just, an equitable infliction*, and from a Power *as good as he is just*, for a few short, sinful years on earth,—years and sins presumed to be retained most vividly in the memory, and everlastingly growing clearer, vaster, and more terrible to retrospective view in their magnitude of infinite evil,—every stupendous period of duration, by which they have actually been left at a distance, seeming to bring them, in contrariety to all laws of memory, nearer and ever nearer to view, by the continually aggravated experience of their consequences?

"Yes, those twenty, forty, seventy years, growing up to infinity of horror in the review, in proportion to the distance which the condemned spirit recedes from them; all eternity not sufficing to reveal fully what those years contained!—MILLIONS OF AGES *for each single evil thought or word!*"

2. There can be no justice in such a punishment, because man can form no conception of it. You cannot conceive of eternity—you cannot therefore, form any adequate idea of an eternity of punishment. A boy aged eight years, not long since murdered his father, but he was discharged by the court, because not old enough to understand the nature of murder, and be responsible for his act. But how much more could an ordinary child of eight years understand of this crime, than we can of an eternity of misery! Hear how Mr. Foster reasons on this point.

"It must be in deep humility that we venture to apply to the measures of the Divine government the rules indispensable to the equity of human administration. Yet we may advert to the principle in human legislation, that the man tempted to crime should, as far as it is possible without actual experience, be apprised of the nature and measure of the penal consequence. It should be something the main force of which can be placed in intelligible *opposition*, so to speak, to the temptation. If it be something totally out of the scope of his faculties to understand, to realize to his mind, that *threatened something is unknown*, has not its appropriate fitness to deter him. There is, or may be, in it what would be of mighty force to deter him, if *he could have a competent notion of it;* but his necessary ignorance precludes from him that salutary force. Is he not thus taken at a fearful disadvantage? As a motive to deter him, the threatened penalty can only be in the proportion to his (in the present case) narrow faculty of apprehending it; but, as an evil to be suffered, it surpasses in magnitude every intellect but the Omniscient. Might we not imagine the reflection of one of the condemned delinquents, suffering on, and still interminably on, through a thousand or a million of ages, to be expressed in some such manner as this?—'O, if it had been possible for me to conceive but the most diminutive part of the weight and horror of this doom, every temptation to sin would have been enough to strike me dead with terror; I should have shrunk from it with the most violent recoil.'"

3. There can be no justice in endless punishment, because it is not unequivocally expressed to any people. That it should be thus expressed, before it can be justly inflicted, there is no doubt. For instance—a municipal law is not a bare resolution confined in the breast of the legislator, but a regularly enacted resolution, of which due notice is given to the people who are to obey it. Not only must this notice be given, but given in the most public manner. Caligula, according to Dio Cassius, wrote his laws in a very small character, and hung them upon high pillars, the more effectually to ensnare the people. There is a still more unreasonable method than this, which is called the making of laws ex post facto: that is, when after an action is committed, the legislature then for the first time declares it to have been a crime, and inflicts a punishment upon the person of him who has committed it. All laws should be made to commence in future, and be notified before their commencement, which is implied in the term prescribed. But when the rule is in the usual manner notified or prescribed, it is then the subject's business to be thoroughly acquainted therewith; for if ignorance of what he might know, were admitted as a legitimate excuse, the laws would be of no effect, but might always be eluded with impunity.

These views are in accordance with those laid down in all works on law, and if we apply them to the argument under consideration, we shall see, that endless punishment cannot be justly inflicted. It certainly cannot be inflicted upon the heathen, for they have not the slightest knowledge of a law dooming to endless misery. It cannot be inflicted upon the Jews, for it is agreed that the Old Testament does not teach endless misery. And can it be on the Christian? That endless punishment, if taught in the Bible, is not taught in terms so strong and clear and explicit as might have been used, all must admit. In the language by which human laws are prescribed, there is nothing equivocal—the utmost care is used to guard against ambiguity—every thing is made definite and full—circumlocutions and repetitions are employed to prevent mistakes. That God could have employed language which even sophistry could not pervert, we all know. But he has not employed language that is even free from ambiguity. There is room for doubt—criticism admits this—the wisest and greatest theologians of the church admit this; and thousands on thousands of the best minds can see no evidence at all of endless misery. Foster says:

"I hope it is not presumptuous to take advantage of the fact, that the terms *everlasting, eternal, forever*, original or translated, are often employed in the Bible, as well as as other writings, under great and various limitations of import, and are thus withdrawn from the predicament of *necessarily and absolutely* meaning a strictly endless duration. The limitation is often, indeed, plainly marked by the nature of the subject. In other instances the words are used with a figurative indefiniteness, which leaves the limitation to be made by some general rule of reason and proportion. They are designed to magnify, to aggravate, rather than to define. My resource in the present case, then, is simply this: that since the terms do not necessarily and absolutely signify an interminable duration, and since there is in the present instance to be pleaded, for admitting a limited interpretation, *a reason in the moral estimate of things,* STUPENDOUS, *of* INFINITE *urgency, involving our conceptions of the Divine goodness and equity, and leaving those conceptions overwhelmed in darkness and horror if it be rejected,* I therefore conclude that a limited interpretation is authorized."

If it be asked, *How could* the doctrine have been more plainly and positively asserted than it is in the Scripture language? In answer, I ask, how do *we* construct our words and sentences to express it in an absolute manner, so as to leave no *possibility* of understanding the language in a different, equivocal, or questionable sense? And may we not think, that, if *so transcendently dreadful a doctrine had been meant to be stamped as in burning characters on our faith*, there would have been such forms of proposition, of circumlocution if necessary, as would have rendered all doubt or question a mere palpable absurdity?

"From these considerations, it is certain, that the justice of God does not conflict with the salvation of all men. The Moral argument therefore, in favor of our glorious religion, stands in all its force. There is nothing to weaken it—nothing to awaken a suspicion in regard to its truth. The infinite Governor of the world is an Infinite Father, whose plans of mercy, are commensurate with his wisdom, power and goodness; whose government is based upon love and equity; and whose purposes rest upon no contingencies which can endanger their execution. Though he treats his children as accountable beings and rewards, punishes them according their deserts, he will suffer no temptation to prove their final ruin, and inflict upon them no stripes not for their good.

The receipts of the American Board of Foreign Missions, for the eight months ending April 1st., amounted to $197,491.

Original.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST PAUL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRANDSON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

LETTER IV.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND:—

Annanias was in his house. This disciple, of whom such honorable mention is made in the writings of my grandfather Luke, was one of the seventy sent forth by the Lord to preach in the cities of Israel. Afterwards he resided in Damascus. While waiting there for the redemption of Israel, he was informed that his beloved Master had been crucified. Before he could wipe away his tears, he also learned that the chosen twelve were actively engaged in preaching Christ and him crucified to the guilty inhabitants of Jerusalem, and that their efforts were crowned with success. While musing on the meaning of the wonderful reports which reached his ears, he was grieved to hear of the persecutions which fell upon his former companions. Accounts of Stephen's death, Peter's imprisonment, and Saul's rage, followed in quick succession. The next year he was startled by the dread intelligence that Paul, the zealous and terrible enemy of the Christians, not content with the mischief, which for nearly a year he had been doing in Jerusalem, was coming to Damascus. When he heard of this, he bowed his head and wept. His thoughts were indeed bitter. That he should be dragged in chains to Jerusalem, he did not doubt, but for this he cared less than for the thought that his brethren, their wives and children, should also suffer. But suddenly the Spirit said to him, "Arise, and go and inquire for Saul." You can easily imagine his terror and astonishment, when thus suddenly informed that Paul was not only in the city, but was praying. And yet, he hesitated to obey the command. He feared that the persecutor had turned hypocrite for the purpose of ensnaring the Christians. He even ventured to expostulate. "Lord," said he, "I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem, and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon thy name." But he was immediately assured that Paul, so far from being an enemy to the faith, had been called to the ministry by the express will of God. This information filled him with joy. He sought the humble penitent, and welcomed him into the church of Christ.

In a few days Paul commenced his public career as an apostle, by preaching in the synagogue. How great the change! He who came to persecute the Church, whose coming was welcomed by the Jews and feared by the Christians, stood up before both as an advocate of the New Faith. The effects of such a change were very natural. While the Christians were congratulating each other on their escape from threatened persecution, and the valuable aid they would receive from the new convert, the Jews, vexed, disappointed, and humbled, were not less active in seeking his destruction. Nothing but his death would satisfy them. But Paul did not wait to witness an outbreak of popular fury, similar to that which resulted in the death of Stephen, and prudently withdrew from the city. Instead of returning to Jerusalem, he went to Arabia, where he resided three years. While there he employed his time in teaching, meditation, prayer and study, He then returned to Damascus, and the power of his eloquence amazed those that heard him preach. The Jews now resolved to rid themselves of their ancient friend, but now formidable opponent, by assassinating him. Fearing that he would again escape,

they bribed the governor to have all the gates closely watched, day and night; but the brethren, aware of his danger, assisted him to escape from the daggers of his enemies. They let him down from the wall in a basket, and he returned to Jerusalem.

You must not think, my young friend, that Paul was deficient in moral courage, because he twice fled from Damascus, since he acted in obedience to the Master's command, "If they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another." And in these perilous times, when the lives of the chosen are so valuable because of the fewness of the laborers, I wish you to remember that to challenge the devil is foolhardiness. But if he meet you when you are in the discharge of duty, and you cannot escape without sin, then *fight*, and God will give you the victory. I will not dare the wrath of Commodus, but if I am arrested, I will not deny the faith to save my life.

When Paul reached Jerusalem, and attempted to introduce himself to some of the twelve, he met with a reception for which he was wholly unprepared. They were afraid of him. War had interrupted the communication between Jerusalem and Damascus, and they had not even heard of his conversion. And, consequently, when he returned, after an absence of three years, they only knew him as a dangerous enemy. They believed that he had changed his conduct for the purpose of leading them into a snare. After a while Barnabas became convinced of his sincerity, and this apostle partially succeeded in removing the timid suspicions of his brethren, and Paul was reluctantly admitted to fellowship. But upon hearing from his own lips the account of his wonderful conversion, he was received into general favor, and during a long life was one of their ablest and most successful co-workers. Ten of the apostles being absent, he saw none save Peter and James. With the former he abode fifteen days. There my grandfather first met him, and he informed my father that Paul was a young man, not over thirty-six. His stature was rather diminutive, but erect and well-proportioned. His lips were slightly compressed, and yet a kind smile seemed to play around his mouth. His most remarkable features were his black and brilliant eyes. They seemed to read the very soul, and but few could meet their piercing and steady glance. His forehead was full and high. At first my grandfather felt disappointed, for instead of being fluent in conversation he was slow and hesitating, and among the humble brethren in Peter's house, his dignified manners were mistaken for haughtiness, and his silence for coldness. They were afraid that the proud Pharisee despised his peasant companions. But these unfavorable impressions were speedily removed. He was never weary in asking questions about the Savior, and seemed willing to be instructed. At length, becoming deeply interested, his hesitancy vanished, and he unfolded the mission of Christ in a manner that astonished even Peter and James. He concluded with these words: "For this cause I have sacrificed wealth, station, fame and ease. To it I dedicate my life and all I have. Henceforth let no one call me Saul of Tarsus, but Paul the servant of Jesus Christ."

But while his conversion filled the hearts of the disciples with joy, his former friends, but now deadly foes, were filled with rage. They pelted him with stones when he appeared in the streets, and groaned and hissed when he attempted to speak. They called him traitor, blasphemer, Nazarene, and dog, and finally resolved to take his life. The brethren now persuaded him to leave Jerusalem, and visit the place of his birth, and in compliance with their wishes he went to Tarsus. Notwithstanding his change of faith, his relatives welcomed him home, and listened with awe to his words. Several of them were converted, and all treated him with great kindness. He remained at home five years, during which time a great change was commenced, if not wholly effected in his mind.

Farewell, DAVID.

Original.

THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION.

NUMBER VI.

BY REV. F. M. ALVORD.

"And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."—Luke xx. 36.

No one fact is more clearly stated in the Scriptures, than that Christ's kingdom, established in the earth, will ultimately embrace all mankind. What else but this are we to understand by the exaltation of Jesus, whereby he hath a name above every other name, and at whose name every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father? What but the universality of Christ's kingdom is taught by the apostle, when he declares that he must reign till all enemies are destroyed, till all things shall be subdued unto him, and God shall be all in all?

Corresponding to this truth, Christ "is repeatedly affirmed to be the Savior of the world, and this salvation no rational believer doubts to consist in a deliverance from sin; a turning of every one away from his iniquities, and bringing of all to a knowledge of the truth; and, in short, enabling them to attain to Christ's image of holiness and love." Now we know this work is not performed for all mankind here. Indeed, it may well be asked if it is fully performed for a solitary individual in this life. "Is there any person who, at the hour of death, so far as we can discover, possesses all the purity and perfection of the angels in heaven? Is there one, that in any proper sense, Christ *fully* saves in this world? Who will affirm it?"

What, then, is the necessary inference? If this work is not completed for the best of men in this state of existence, much less in regard to the sinful and the wicked; and if Christ, as he has declared, will draw all men unto him, if he were lifted up from the earth; are we not compelled, from the force of evidence, to admit that through the resurrection mankind will become the children of God, bearing his moral image, and sustaining the relation of his moral offspring? How can the promises of the Divine Being be fulfilled, and Christ crowned the Savior of the world, unless this is admitted?

It was this view of the destiny of man which enabled Paul to hope for the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust. He could truly hope for the resurrection of the unjust, for he believed that the unjust would become purified, and cleansed from all moral defilement, by being the children of the resurrection. But let me ask, could he have hoped for their resurrection, had he believed that they would remain sinful and unjust forever? No Christian can *hope* for evil, (i.e. desire and expect it,) much less can he hope for endless evil. He may fear it, he may tremble at the thought of it, but never can he hope for it. How then, permit me to ask, could the devoted and benevolent Paul have hoped for the resurrection of the unjust, unless he had actually believed that through the resurrection they would finally become holy, and pure as the angels of bliss?

And it was this doctrine of the resurrection which enabled the early disciples and primitive Christians to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, while believing the truths of the everlasting Gospel. They lived in an age of error and moral darkness. The whole world was lying in wickedness. The Jews rejected the

Messiah, the Gentiles were living without hope and without God in the world. But few, comparatively speaking, were willing to follow Christ in the regeneration—to deny themselves of ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world. But with this ignorance, unbelief, and sin all around them, they could look forward to the future and exclaim, "Believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Must not their faith, then, have contemplated the final deliverance and the glorious exaltation of our whole race? Could they have rejoiced in believing in the eternity of Satan, and in the immortality of evil? Can any man rejoice in believing in endless torments for self, for friends, or for any portion of God's children? What a question. Yet the primitive Christians rejoiced in believing the truth, ergo, it is safe to conclude that they looked forward to a period when all mankind would become the children of God by being the children of the resurrection.

Carroll, N. Y., May, 1849.

Original.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

BY ADA.

Among the works of creation, man presents himself, a connecting link in the great chain of causation. A piece of workmanship made up of a few simple elements, like all other things which are created, yet those elements are in a combination in his structure that makes him more beautiful than the exquisitely wrought flowers, which protect and adorn the germ of the future plant; more wonderful than the marvelous skill displayed in the wandering orbs of the starry skies; more glorious than the sun, whose rays quicken into life, and illumine the fair works of nature. His nature is susceptible of being impressed or influenced by surrounding objects and circumstances, so as to enable him to think and feel. In the exercise of this portion of his being, which constitutes him a conscious existence, he feels himself to be an effect of a cause, unknown, and superior to him. That cause he clothes with the thoughts which have been produced by his investigation of things, and then he tries to imitate that cause. The ideas which a man has of the cause of his existence, have more influence than all the other circumstances which form his character.

Now, reader, let us for a little season unlink ourselves, as it were, from the chain of human being with which we are connected, and convey ourselves away to some far-off world, and be impartial observers of the actions of the children of men, and draw some conclusions therefrom.

A portion of men think the Deity possessed of great strength, and that he delights in battles; therefore they cultivate their physical powers, and, to be imitators of their God, take pleasure in destroying life. Another portion, observing nature in its varied forms, think there are beings of varied powers presiding over these different productions of creation; thence the idea of a plurality of gods—a god of thunder, a god of the sea, a god of the winds. One class of men think there are fixed principles and governing laws, out of which a concatenation of circumstances springs, that is the cause of all things produced, without the existence of an *intelligent* cause. Their existence they believe to be a fleeting effect, soon to pass away like a dream; therefore, they have no motive to prompt them to action except the enjoyment of a short and tedious present, without any hope of a future. Another class believe in a being who is the author of all things, and that the existence of men, which is the product of his planning, will result in ever-enduring and irremediable misery to a portion of them; consequently they look upon that doomed portion with malevolent feelings, which engender thoughts and produce actions that cause much evil and unhappiness. Another class believe also in a being who is the author of all things created, but who looks with a like kindly feeling upon all the creatures he has caused to exist; and if any of them do that which causes unhappiness, it is because they are subjected to a state of being, for a short duration of time, in the which things will necessarily occur to make them err—but they will soon pass from that state, to another state, where all causes of erring will be removed. Under the influence of this belief they clasp all mankind in a warm and affectionate embrace, and if one errs, instead of aggravating the error by torture they try to remove the cause of offence.

Now, after taking a look at the different views which the children of men have of the Deity, and seeing the mighty influence they have in the formation of character, is it not wise to select those views which form the *best* character? And what reflecting mind can help but see, after a strict investigation of things, that the belief which comes under the head of Universalism is a system where reason shines, beauty blooms, and goodness dwells?—a system best calculated as a means of obtaining knowledge and increasing happiness?

Reader, if these be our conclusions, then let us step from our observatory in yon world mingle again with our fellows, and endeavor to live according to our convictions.

Canajoharie, May, 1849.

Original.

SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

[*Concluded.*]

But see her blanched cheek! there is a red spot on it though. Her sunken eye; her trembling hands; her bowed form. She is plying her needle, and all day she hath plied it, with scarcely a moment's rest. No wonder she has a red spot on her cheek. All day she hath wrought, and by midnight she will have the garment done, to be carried to the store. She will get an eleven-penny bit for it, and that will buy some bread for the three children sleeping yonder. She will get her pay—the eleven-penny bit. Mr. Rollins will pay her; he is a pious man; he is a Christian; he belongs to the church up yonder; and gives quite liberally of the profits of that poor widow's earnings to

"*Send the Gospel to the Heathen.*"

Come in here. Here we can rest a while. This is the "Stranger's Home;" you see it on the sign-board hanging out there. Here we may have entertainment—if we have money! I hope that it will not be too much.

Look into that small three-by-seven, set off there in one corner of the room; decked with bottles and decanters, and glasses, and oranges, and lemons; and see that pleasant gentleman within, how smiling and affable! There is a tinge on his cheek, it is true; but the weather may have an influence upon his countenance. It may; time will determine.

There: see that young gentleman come up with his friend. They have met after long years of separation, to have a social day, and who more calculated to enjoy it? Full of the vigour and hilarity of youth, blithe and gay. How admirably they are dressed; in the latest Parisian style. Hark!

"Couple of *smashers*, if you please."

Smashers! you see what smashers are. How readily the "pleasant gentleman" understands it, and with what grace he handles the bottles, the glasses, the sugar-tongs. There's the smasher; *tempting*, is it not?

But somehow—and I cannot tell why—that young man reminds me of one I have seen before. Oh! aye; I now recollect. It was some ten years since, I was standing in one of the hotels, and I saw a young gentleman, a good resemblance of the one that has just now so gracefully taken his glass, enter on a similar errand. Being somewhat favorably impressed with his appearance, I inquired him out, and found him to be the son of a widow lady. His father had passed from earth, but left his estate to his son, and at that hour no son bade more fair to rise to eminence. Time rolled on, and I saw him again; but, ah! the tempter had been there, and alas! the syren song had been too effectual. His face was blotched and bloated; his garments were threadbare and tattered; he was reeling, a miserable inebriate, in the streets. His wealth had been filched from him by beings worse than demons, who prowl around, and lure their victims to the gaming table; and poverty-stricken, sorrowful, broken hearted, his mother had a room—it had but the name—in an old shackling building, in one of the alleys where misery makes day melancholy and night hideous. There, one summer's night, the *delirium tremens* finished the earthly career of one who set out in life with the fairest of earthly prospects.

Oh! it was a sad day for that poor widow! She sent for the minister to speak words of comfort as the grave shut the form of one for whom she had offered so many prayers, from her view forever. The minister would have come,—he was a good man!—but the missionaries were to sail that day, and he was going on board to address them, and bid them "God speed" in their good work. He was to do it in behalf of the society. The poor widow! what were her claims compared with those of the poor heathen? Did she not live in a *Gospel* land? Was not her son a vile, worthless fellow? a vagabond? a depraved and drunken wretch? And what need had she of consoling words? Had he been wealthy; possessed riches wrung from the hard wrought and toilsome hours of the poor; and died because gold would not save him, *then* there would have been some need of consolation; the minister would have been there; hundreds of sympathisers with tears of sorrow; and the newspapers would have told that community proffered condolence to the bereaved heart. But the poor widow! homeless, friendless, pennyless, alone—

"*Send the Gospel to the Heathen.*"

But here! what buildings are these? Let us go up here. These are dark and gloomy walls, but let us go in. Here's the warden; we will go along with him, and we will fear not, though the walls be dark, and a heavy gloom seems to be all around us.

How this ponderous door creaks on its hinges, and how the noise rings away along this shadowy and silent avenue! But here! Look into this cell! Here is a lone being, with sadness and sorrow on his countenance. How he sits with his elbow on the old table there, his temples resting upon his hands, while strange and sorrowful thoughts seem to be in his mind—how pale and emaciated he is.

No marvel! To-morrow he is to be taken out in the yard yonder, and hanged up by the neck until he is dead.

In a moment of passion he raised his arm,—it was a fearful moment; a wild phrensy ran madly through his brain, and his hand, like Cain's of olden time, was imbrued in the blood of his brother.

Cain! God you know, set a mark upon him, that none might slay him, and sent him out into the land of Nod, a fugitive and a vagabond. But the minister has been here and made a pious servant of Christ out of this man that hath slain his brother. He's been converted; his hard heart has been taken away, and he has a spiritual one now; he is meek, and humble, and mild; his sins are forgiven. So to-morrow they are to take him out in the yard yonder and hang him up by the neck until he is dead, and the man of God will tell that the laws are thus "magnified and made honorable" by hanging one whose sins *Heaven* has forgiven!—sending him to heaven to wear a crown of glory!—he is not fit to live on the earth! He is a servant of Jesus; he's been born again; but then the protection of society required his blood, and his blood is taken! That's better, you know, than to put a mark upon him, as God did upon Cain! No marvel that God did not hang Cain for the protection of society; *He* was not as wise as the Solons of our day, and the holy men of the church!

"*Send the Gospel to the Heathen!*"

Now let us sit down here and talk a little. We have been out in the street, and we have seen a specimen of the squalid misery haunting the by-ways of this honored city; we have seen *that*, to say nothing about the splendid misery which makes its home in the marble mansions of church-going piety. There are hundreds within as many yards of this paved and showy street, who know not but the world is flat and laid on its foundation. Hundreds who know nothing of God and the revelation of his will; nothing of Christ and his salvation. Nay, nothing? Yea, somewhat; for they have heard the names God, Christ, devil, hell, but heard them in the vile imprecations bandied about by individuals bearing the human form.

Oh! righteous Heaven, why is it so? Here, in this land of Christianity; in this land of civil and religious liberty in this land of bibles, scholars, science, arts—why? oh, why, are thousands here perishing without hope and without God; dragging out a life of degradation and woe, and dying as the beast dieth?

Ah! a change has been wrought! There was a time, eighteen centuries past, when it was "Jesus and the poor,"—it is now Jesus and the rich!—it is now Jesus and *our* Church!—Jesus and a spire of costly architecture towering away up three hundred feet from this "footstool of God!"—Jesus and the grandest tabernacle in town!—all regardless of broken hearts, care-worn spirits, and grief-stricken souls;—all regardless of the dens of misery, the hells of shame and burning infamy, away down in these dark and narrow alleys!

The well-fed priest will work, work, work; run, run, run; beg, beg, beg; hither and yon, to and fro; all for the wherewith to send out the clan to encompass sea and land to make proselytes, and within a stone's cast of the parsonage are orphans crying for bread!—widows suffering, sorrowing, dying, with want!—and wretches bearing the human form, without any knowledge of God, heaven, Christ, revelation, or religions!

Sir, these are startling truths! They are truths, nevertheless! Men may talk of the idea of the age, the mission of man, and of this, and that, and the other; but sir, behind this curtain so beautifully painted and so gracefully holden up to view; behind this is a shocking picture; behind this are want, woe, misery, and hundreds of kindred evils, preying upon human souls; and ere long, if the Christian church does not lend its power for the eradication of these evils, they will cry to heaven and pull down the vengeance of the Almighty, rend society in twain, and give reign to a ruin more terrible than has ever swept a professed Christian land.

"*Send the Gospel to the Heathen?*"

Not if we are to do it at the sacrifice of our own kindred. "Physician, heal thyself." "If any provide not for his own, and especially for the members of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Let us alleviate the woes of suffering humanity around us; let us see to it that the widow and orphan are blessed; let us Christianize the purgatorial dens in

our cities and larger towns; let us dispense with a little of the professional of religion, and have more of the actual, and then—

"*Send the Gospel to the Heathen.*"

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY JUNE 9, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

It came to our lot, somewhat unexpectedly, to attend the meeting of the State Convention, held last week at Richfield Springs. The bad weather and worse roads well nigh discouraged us, but the warm-hearted reception with which the brethren were met and entertained, more than compensated for our temporary inconvenience.

We did not arrive till Tuesday evening, after a session of the Sunday School Association had been held. We learned, however, that Br. Austin was appointed Moderator, and Br. Harter Clerk, and that the usual business was transacted. In the evening a sermon was preached by Br. Swan, of St. Lawrence county, to a good house.

On Wednesday the Council of the Convention was organized in the Presbyterian Church, by the appointment of Br. W. S. Balch, Moderator, and Br. J. T. Goodrich, Clerk. Considerable business of importance was transacted, which will appear in the proceedings to be published next week. Br. J. M. Austin preached the Annual Sermon, which will also be published as soon as received. Br. Balch preached in the afternoon, and a Conference was held in the evening. Thursday forenoon was occupied with the interests of the Sunday School. The audience was so great that a meeting was held in the Presbyterian house, to which Br. J. S. Brown preached. In the afternoon, Br. T. J. Sawyer preached in the Universalist, and Br. D. Skinner in the Presbyterian house. All the services were well attended, notwithstanding the extremely unpleasant weather, and, we may say, we had a very happy and profitable meeting.

As far as reports came to us, we heard favorable accounts of the condition of our cause throughout the State. Our brethren are waking to the importance of more decided efforts to sustain the preaching of the word, and there are many societies where talented and good preachers are much wanted. We need, at least, twenty-five more preachers in this State, to meet the demands now made. If any preacher is idle, it is because he will not work, or else because he does not understand his business.

We forbear further remarks, inasmuch as the doings of the Convention will be published next week. W. S. B.

N. B.—We would say to our friends who complained that the usual notice of the Convention did not appear in our paper, that no authorized notice was received at our office. The Standing Clerk, we understand, published it in the Sentinel, but that paper has not been received in some time. It is presumed this explanation will be a sufficient apology.

FUNERALS, FUNERAL SERMONS, &C.

We have thought much of late on the subject of Funerals, Funeral Sermons, and the great variety of views, feelings, and practices relating thereto in different places and communities. In some communities, especially in cities and large villages, funeral sermons are seldom or never preached. They are neither expected nor called for. Indeed, it would be not only inconvenient, but impracticable and inappropriate, many times, in places of large population. For in such places there are, almost daily, funerals, and sometimes from ten to fifty per day; and if a long service must be had, and a regular sermon preached at every funeral, the people, if any considerable portion of them attended, could do little else than attend funerals; and ministers of large congregations would sometimes have to preach three or four funeral sermons per day! This would occupy almost their whole time, and inevitably soon wear them out.

But though funeral sermons are seldom or never expected in cities and large villages, it is far from being the case through a large extent of country and many country villages in the State. In many places, especially in central New York, it is considered a great neglect, a great want of respect to the memory of the dead and to the feelings of the living, to omit having a funeral sermon when any one is buried, whether obscure or distinguished, whether infant, child or adult.

Now we think there are occasions when funeral sermons are highly proper and profitable. In a new community, in a newly and sparsely settled country, where each individual is acquainted with the whole population, and the whole with each, where a single death is of rare occurrence and deeply felt by the whole; or in case of the death of pre-eminent and very distinguished individuals; or in case of very extraordinary events in the character, life, or death of individuals, or where the service can be held at the church on Sunday, funeral sermons may be very proper and profitable. But in older communities, where funerals are of much more frequent occurrence, to tax the minister with preparing and delivering, and the patience of the people with hearing a regular sermon, a set discourse, on every occasion of the kind, ordinary or extraordinary, whoever dies, whether child or adult, is, in our humble view, unnecessary and improper. To this practice there are a number of objections of no small weight in our mind. We will here name only the two following:

1. It is a severe, and sometimes a very painful tax on the clergyman who is frequently called to officiate on such occasions. Especially is it so to clergymen who are called to officiate in a number of towns, (and sometimes in several counties,) in nearly all the families of the denomination to which he belongs, there being, perhaps, no other clergymen of the order for a distance of ten, twenty, or thirty miles. He feels reluctant to refuse—to say that he cannot or will not go—and yet he has private studies, pastoral duties, parochial visits, or some necessary avocation that he feels he ought not to neglect. The family sending for him are in deep affliction; they feel very tender, and cannot be refused; he consents to go and preach the sermon. Before he starts for this service, he is called on to go twenty miles in an opposite direction to preach another funeral sermon on the next day. And sometimes he will preach three, four, or five funeral sermons in a week, besides filling his regular Sabbath appointments. And sometimes he is sent for a distance of one hundred miles to preach a funeral sermon. An instance of this kind occurred with us within a few weeks. It requires a constitution of iron to enable a man merely to preach the funeral sermons that some are called on to preach. We verily believe that the early death of the eloquent and lamented John Freeman was, in a great measure, attributable to the over-tasking of his powers of body and mind, in yielding to the frequent calls for *funeral sermons* in the region of his ministry. He was of feeble frame and nervous temperament, and sunk under the heavy tax. Br. E. M. Woolley came very near going in the same way; and we doubt not the frequency of these services have

made heavy draughts on the constitution and powers of our venerable fathers, N. Stacy, and S. R. Smith, and several others we might name.

2. Another objection to the practice of preaching sermons at *every funeral* is, the almost necessary *sameness*, or great *similarity*, in the subject matter of the discourses. Though there is something of a variety of topics, and any desirable number of different texts that may be selected for funeral occasions, yet the general current and channel of the discourse is expected to be nearly the same, however varied the form. It must be a *funeral sermon*, and where the clergyman has preached some *scores* of them in the same place, he must have more than ordinary resources and tact, not to incur the charge of repetition or sameness in his subsequent funeral discourses.

We might name several other objections to the practice, but we deem it unnecessary. These are among the most weighty, and are, we think, entitled to some consideration. But in closing these remarks we will repeat, that there are occasions when funeral sermons are both proper and profitable. We have no objections, occasionally, when convenient, and circumstances concur to render them interesting and proper, to preaching funeral sermons. We believe they have often done great good, and especially to the cause of universal and impartial grace. They have often been listened to by those who would not or dared not hear on any other occasion. And in neighborhoods and under circumstances where many such hearers can be induced to attend and hear, it is well to have occasional sermons at funerals. But on all *ordinary* occasions of the kind, a few remarks, a brief address adapted to the subject and occasion, followed by a prayer, are all that propriety demands, or that custom should require. D. S.

FAITH VALUABLE HERE.

Many speak of faith as worthless, and of no utility unless it preserves us from the woes of the future world, and secures a heavenly inheritance. What advantage is there in believing, the question is asked, if faith does not save us from impending and everlasting perdition? Hence,it is said, by the opposers of our faith, no matter whether one believes or not; if all will ultimately be saved it is just as well to be without faith as to have it.

We wave the question for the present, how can faith be of any service if "the number to be saved, is so fixed and definite that it can neither be added to nor diminished," and bring the matter to the standard of the Scriptures, the only true basis of all our theological propositions and speculations. Christ said, "he that believeth not, *is condemned already*, because he believeth not, &c.; this places the disadvantages,the evils of unbelief in this world, most assuredly, and why should we look for the benefits of faith to the future world? The Apostle says, "Purifying their hearts by faith." This cannot, it seems to us, allude to immortal spirits in the unseen, future state, but to men here in this world, whose affections and passions need the reforming, cleansing operation of faith in God, and the Lord Jesus Christ. Again "faith works by love and purifies the heart." *Where* does it perform this? Unquestionably in this sinful, wicked world, where the human heart sends out from its corrupt fountain all that our Savior enumerated, "evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit," &c. This world surely is the theatre and scene of all these corruptions of the heart, and here, in this world, also, is the place for faith to administer its healing balm. The Apostle says, "We that believe do enter into rest." So far from expecting to enter into a future, heavenly rest in the immortal world on account of faith, the Apostle congratulates his Christian brethren that they were in this rest, which is by faith, already. They were tasting its sweets, enjoying its blessings, and sharing its tranquil joys here in this poor world.

Faith nugatory if it does not save us from endless torments! The Savior has not thus taught; his disciples have not thus instructed us; "they who believe *are blessed* with faithful Abraham." Where then is the *joy* of faith? here in the earth. Where is the peace of faith? here in this world! Where is the *rest* which it affords the believer? here in the earth, where are toil and care and sorrows. Faith changes no truth, alters not any of the divine purposes; but it receives the truth, rejoices in it, and confides in the purposes and promises of Heaven, which are "yea and amen," independent of all faith. B. B. H.

"THE REGION ROUND ABOUT."

In glancing our eye over some of the places in the vicinity of New York, we are reminded of what the Revelator said unto the angels of the church at Sardis and others.

Jersey City.—What are our friends doing here? A few years ago, they worshipped in a neat little hall and had a settled preacher. We know not when they have had preaching there, nor have we understood, recently, that they are at all desirous to have any preaching. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Tarrytown.—Br. S. J. Hillyer has broken up the fallow-ground in this field of the Master's heritage, several times, and we think there should be preaching there more frequently. "Thou hast a few names, even in Tarrytown which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white for they are worthy."

Sing-Sing.—This place, and a neat, pretty village in the vicinity, called Croton, years ago sustained preaching. How long is it since the Gospel was last preached there? When is it to be preached again? Is there not one there to rekindle the sparks from the ashes in which it has so long been smouldering? "He that hath hath an ear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."

Poughkeepsie.—This place once enjoyed the ministrations of one of our strong men. We surely have some friends there now. What are they doing for God and humanity? If Universalism can flourish well without a preacher, we have yet to learn the fact. We know several places in which there are not half so many disciples as we set down to Poughkeepsie, where preaching is had one fourth of the time. Are the friends doing here all they can for the furtherance of the blessed Gospel? "No man having lighted a candle putteth it under a bushel."

Peekskill.—A few years ago some two or three good friends here, sustained preaching for several months. We believe years have passed since the word was dispensed in this region. Whether these two or three, who were like a city set on a hill, remain in the place, we know not; perhaps their removal is the cause that such a dearth is raging in this land. "If the salt has lost its savour," &c.

There are a few other places which we have not time to cite now; we shall probably call attention to them in due time, before we are compelled to take up the prophet's lament: "The elders have ceased from the gate, the young men from their music, the joy of our heart is ceased; the crown is fallen from our head; for this our heart is faint, and our eyes are dim; because of the Mountain of Zion which is desolate; the foxes walk upon it." B. B. H.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

HUDSON, Monday Morning, May 28.

BR. HALLOCK:—Be not surprised to receive a letter of "Domestic Correspondence" from me, seeing the "Foreign" is ended. Somehow, when I am away from home, I am always thinking *of* home, and therefore take pleasure in giving my thoughts to my friends.

I was more than pleased, I was *delighted*, with the appearance of the congregation to which I ministered yesterday, for the first time. I had always heard a good report of this Society, which is one of the oldest of our order in the State; but I was not prepared to see such proof of prosperity. Large congregations were in attendance, morning and evening, who exhibited a deep interest in the dispensation of the word. They are a thoughtful, earnest-looking people, who make religion a matter of principle. Many of them are above middle age, and among the most respectable in this community. They evince their attachment to the holy cause by their social and affable manners, by their apparent respect and esteem for each other, by their firm faith and ardent hope, and by their just and honorable deportment—the happy influence of a long and patient study of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, as presented by our ministry. If good fruits are the evidence of a good tree, then is the Hudson society in the right way.

Their house, which has undergone an internal revolution since I saw it twenty-two years ago, has been recently painted and newly carpeted, and now presents a very pretty appearance. It is every way neat and comfortable, and, what is better, is not encumbered with a mortgage for its own existence. The Society is independent.

The Sunday School is large and well-managed. It numbers over one hundred and fifty scholars. The average attendance is one hundred and fifteen. A very respectable Library belongs to it for the use of the teachers and scholars.

I went for a walk about the city this morning. The streets were quiet, the birds were singing sweetly, and the calm spring sun just rising, tinging the green fields and forests with its liveliest hues. I sat down upon the cliff which overhangs the river at the end of the main street, to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Before me lay the calm waters of the noblest of rivers, whose mirror-surface, unbroken by a ripple, reflected the forms of the varied shores. On the other side the pretty village of Athens lay sweetly in the lap of the receding and undulated hills. Beyond, to the left, towered up in lofty grandeur the Catskill mountains. Around, near the summit of one of the peaks, was wrapped a gauzy cloud, tinged by the red rays of the early sun, like a golden head-dress on the brow of beauty; and before it appeared the white Mountain House, like a pearl gem on the bosom of a proud Queen of the Hills. The scene was grand and beautiful, and I gazed upon it in admiration. It is, in many respects, unlike those scenes I viewed last year, during my rambles in the Old World. It resembles somewhat the scene about the Lakes of Killarney. That is more varied; the "Rocks" are more steep and rugged; the country more naked of forests; the glens and passes more profound. And that has old tottering castles, splendid mansions, small fields, and miserable mud hovels,—monuments of feudalism, of pride and poverty, such as cannot here be seen. But here we have neat and quiet cottages, variegated fields, thriving villages, a mighty river, which teems with vessels of transport, laden with floods of produce, merchandise, and passengers, and not lacking a free, intelligent, prosperous, and happy people.

The Hudson is one of the finest rivers of the world, and unparallelled for the amount of business and pleasure. The Rhine, the only river of Europe which can compare with it, can boast of its pure clear waters, of its venerable towns, with rural towers and Gothic spires; of its vine-clad, terraced shores; the crumbling castles which mantle the apex of half the hills which stud its banks, telling in cloudy romance the deeds of blood and carnage perpetrated in feudal times; but it lacks the noble majesty, the fresh and solemn grandeur of our own great Hudson. That has palaces for the few who are rich and noble-born scattered along its shores; but here are palaces for *all*,—for each with us is sovereign,—and more splendid far than Rhenish Count can boast. There is no other river like the Hudson.

But of one thing I am ashamed, when I compare our cities and towns with many in Europe; and that is the meanness displayed in providing for public social beauty and enjoyment. I mean the littleness of our public parks. Here the good folks of this city have reserved a third or half an acre of ground for a place of public resort. It is a beautiful spot, and were it ten times as large, well fenced in, handsomely shaded and beautified with bordered walks, flowers, and shrubs, it would do credit to their taste, judgment, and liberality. But now, though beautiful, it looks narrow, selfish, illiberal. Nearly all European towns which make any claim to wealth or beauty, have the large parks, shaded promenades, with ponds and fountains arranged in the most tasteful manner. And what is more, the people, old and young, rich and poor, patrician and plebeian, male and female, all meet there to spend a social hour, discuss the news, smoke a pipe, sip a glass of beer or sugared water, and listen to the elegant music of the best brass bands, which meet there every pleasant evening. They, with all their oppressions, know how to enjoy life better than we, in an easy, rational, *anti-dyspeptic* way. We are all drive—drive ourselves, our poor old bodies, whipping about in constant anxiety, forever getting ready to live, without affording ourselves an hour for enjoyment, till careworn and dyspeptic, we find ourselves incapable of tasting aught but the dregs of the cup we have been mingling. We are not rational, philosophic, Christian. We are not wise, but foolish, in these things. Judgment tells us to improve and enjoy, rationally, prudently, religiously, the blessings which God gives us as they come to us, and not, with a miser's spirit, hoard them away until wholly incapable of doing so. — — — It may be that old brown pipe made of earthen, which that round-shouldered, rheumatic old Dutchman on that bench there is smoking, tastes just as good as the genuine "meerschaum" of his cousins, whose untroubled heads are enveloped in a cloud of smoke, as they sit in their shaded "Kuples" along the canals of Holland; but it does not look half so luscious. The one looks anxious, worn out, selfish—as if afraid to buy a decent pipe, to spend more than *half a cent* for his luxury, while the other, with half the wealth, has spent twenty-five or fifty "goode groshen" for a fancy pipe, with an amber mouth-piece, joined to an ivory stem by a pliable braid of silver wire and a richly painted bowl, the capacity of half a pint, with a silver or gold cover fastened by a hinge. That is about the comparative measure of their comforts. Only in the methods of enjoying the means we have, do I think Americans inferior to our brethren of the Old World. I do not mean in smoking, for I abhor the practice; but in the comparison indicated. But I am making a long letter, I fear a tedious one, so Farewell, W. S. B.

DISCRIMINATING.—We once knew a boy who said that he liked "a good rainy day; too rainy to go to school and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

EXECUTION OF GOODE.

BRETHREN :—Washington Goode, a colored man, was executed in this city to-day. The feeling against this act was very strong. Many are highly indignant. The opposition to it arose from several causes. In the first place, there is reason to doubt whether Goode was guilty. And, at any rate he was not conscious what he did, if he committed the murder. He made no attempt to escape. The officers who arrested him found him at his home, quiet and unconcerned as though nothing had taken place. If guilty, people can see no reason why *he* should be hung, and others, of whose deliberate intention to commit murder there can be no doubt, have their punishment commuted to imprionment for life. There are seven or eight persons now in our prison, whose sentences have been thus commuted. Had not Goode been a black man he might have shared an equal favor. Br. Spear visited him the night before his execution, and after telling him that there was no possible chance for a commutation, desired him to say, whether he was guilty or not. He most positively asserted, that he was innocent. He attempted to commit suicide by opening some of his veins with pieces of glass. He was so nearly dead that they had to carry him to the gallows in a chair. He could not stand. His execution will help break down the gallows.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

Last week the anniversaries of a great number of moral and religious societies took place. Our city was dark with black coats. Endless reports were read to listless audiences, and aspirants for oratorical fame made long and noisy speeches. To both visitors and residents the week was tedious. Much good was done and some evil. Old errors were fortified, and much money raised to spread heresies, which have nothing to recommend them but their antiquity. Something was done for the truth. The ladies of our Societies in the city and vicinity, held a fair, and a very fair thing it was. They were exceedingly industrious, and had begged hard and worked hard. I will give an account of their doings, for our next paper.

GREAT GATHERINGS.

Great assemblages for different objects have many advantages. They bring together those of various views, and give an opportunity to hear speakers of all sects. On such occasions, the bars are all taken down ; and Orthodox ministers and lay men hear the liberals without any compunctions of conscience. The liberals too, have a chance to hear their Orthodox brethren ; to become acquainted with their plans of operation, and the various projects which they form for the extension of their borders. It is well that we should be informed in regard to all these ; for unless we are, they may gain some undue advantage over us by their wiley movements. They are crafty, and always watching for an opportunity to occupy every favorable position which can be found. Besides, it is important that we should know how the different parties among the Orthodox stand. Their old landmarks are beginning to be disregarded. Orthodoxy is changing. Bushnell is far from being the only man who has the courage to speak out against old errors. Bushnell, too, has numerous admirers, and there is a great company who have commenced with him the march towards the promised land. There were some grand developments made during the week. The stand-still portion of the clergy are for applying the lash to the movement portion. They have given a few cracks of their whip in a recent number of the Observatory, in a review of Bushnell. It is fearfully severe and bitter, and makes one think of Calvin burning Severtus. It will take a whip, however, with a bigger lash than the stand-still clergy can raise, to silence their brethren. The people are in favor of an onward movement, and the progressive portion of the clergy will be sustained.

NEW BOOKS.

The orthodox have, as yet, kept quite still in regard to the sterling work published by Philips, Sampson & Co., from the pen of one of their own men. It causes wry faces, and makes them ask, who will next depart from the faith? Bushnell, they say, has spoken against the old creed, and Henry W. Beecher has spoken against it ; and for thus speaking they have gained a wide celebrity and popularity. This is alarming. They read in this fact that which troubles them more than even the arguments of their progressive brethren—they learn that the people have no sympathy with the old creed, and rejoice whenever a minister outgrows it. The author of the book published by Philips, Sampson & Co., has been a prominent man among the orthodox, and his appeal to the Tract Society is one of the keenest things ever published.

The new work just published by Mr. Tompkins, is received with great favor. Br. Mayo prepared the memoir of his wife, in an admirable manner. The letters, which it contains, are among the most charming productions that I ever read. The selections from her writings are well made, and the work neatly arranged. It cannot fail to have a wide circulation. O. A. S.

Boston, May 25th.

CONVENTION.

The Southern Association of Universalists met at Danbury, May 16, 1849.

Chose Brs. J. Kelsey, Moderator, S. H. Heeler, Clerk.

United in Prayer with Br. M. Ballou.

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

Clerical Brethren present—Brs. M. Ballou, Bridgeport ; J. J. Twiss, Stamford.

Visiting Brethren—O. W. Wight, New York ; S. J. Hillyer, North Salem ; Wm. A. Stickney, Middletown ; G. W. Gage, N. York.

Lay Delegates—Brs. Wm. Peck, J. Taylor, Danbury ; I. Kelsey, Charles Barnum, Bridgeport ; S. H. Keeler, Westport ; C. Price, Stamford.

Invited our visiting brethren to take part with us in the deliberation of this Council.

Committee on Discipline reported no cause of complaint.

Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, no Report to make the past year.

Brs. S. H. Keeler, J. Taylor, C. Barnum, were appointed a Committee to bring forward business for the meeting, who reported the following names to fill the different offices for the year ensuing, which was adopted :

Delegates to the State Convention—Clerical—Brs. Moses Ballou, J. J. Twiss, Henry Glover.

Lay—Brs. B. Keeler, Westport ; J. F. Lockwood, Stamford ; I. P. Booth, Stratford ; N. B. Dibble, Danbury ; D. Pendleton, Bridgeport ; Hermann Fairchild, Newtown.

J. J. Twiss to preach the next Occasional Sermon before this body.

Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, Brs. Moses Ballou, J. J. Twiss, Wm. Peck.

Committee on Discipline, Brs. David Meeker, Alva Gray, John S. Andrews.

Resolved, That Br. Henry Glover be a Committee to communicate to the State Convention, to be holden in Norwich in

August next, such statistical information in regard to the cause of Universalism within the limits of this Association, as he may obtain, and that the Clerks of the different Societies be requested to forward to him at Bridgeport before the meeting of the State Convention, such information as they may possess.

The following resolution was offered by Br. Twiss, which is to lay over to the next session of this body:

Resolved, That the 7th article of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows—This Association shall meet annually, on the third Wednesday of May, at such place as shall be designated by the Standing Clerk, unless otherwise decided by the Council.

Voted, The thanks of this Council to the Danbury friends for their kindness and hospitality while we tarried with them.

Voted, That the Clerk prepare the Minutes, accompanied with such remarks as he may think proper, for publication in our denominational papers. J. Kelsey, Moderator.

S. H. Keeler, Clerk.

Trumpet will please copy.

REMARKS.

The weather was fine, the attendance very good, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. The business of the Council was transacted with the utmost good feeling and harmony. Sermons were preached by Brs. Hillyer, Ballou, Wight, Stickney, Twiss and Gage, all good and profitable sermons, and I hope that the Society in Danbury will be greatly benefitted thereby. If we have not made new converts, perhaps it will have a tendency to soften down the prejudice that exists against the doctrine of God's universal grace and salvation. Many thanks are due our Danbury friends for their liberal entertainments while we tarried with them, and especially those friends who so bountifully spread out their tables in the Vestry of the Church with the good things of this life, and kindly invited *all* to partake with them on the joyous occasion. How natural it is to invite *all*. How natural it would be for *God*, being all good and all wise, to assemble all around that heavenly table, to eat of that heavenly bread which satisfieth forever. S. H. K.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE LATE RIOT.

It is not that I wish to trouble our readers with any peculiar notions of my own, nor to express my dissent to what was said in our columns last week, that the present article is penned. My brother and coadjutor envolved fairly and fully the feeling cherished by many citizens, and in all but a little of the warlike spirit, I most heartily concur with him. But there are several things connected with that disgraceful affair, which are always liable to affect the public tranquillity, the workings of which ought to be better understood, that the evils to which they tend may be *avoided* in the incipient stages, rather than crushed by military power when ripe for riot.

I happen to be one who has a good deal of faith in my fellow men. I hope not too much. But I do really think that the great masses of the community, even the very lowest, are not naturally and wholly inclined towards evil. The real desperadoes who have committed the greatest amount of wrong to humanity, have carried high heads, and made swaggering pretensions to law and order, and even religion in their day. The multitude are not often provoked without a cause, and that cause is frequently in the hands of those who put them forward to execute their machinations, concocted under fair pretences to respectable position. The public agitation having subsided, I would now submit a few thoughts on the subject of the late riot.

1. In the first place, beginning with the cause, it was a very foolish and ungentlemanly piece of business for two men of high standing, both eminent in their profession, and possessed of wealth sufficient to live in splendid idleness the rest of their days, to quarrel about what they thought or said about each other, or what the world thought or said about them. It was certainly questionable politeness for one who had been well received, to come out before a popular audience and allude to a personal difficulty with the other, which had hitherto been kept private, and that too, in the presence of many who felt a pride in their absent countryman, who could not reply to the inuendo.

2. It was a meddlesome piece of folly on the part of the Press to take up the private, personal quarrel of two men, whose reputation is not worth much more to them than that of any other man, and keep it before the community in a way to agitate the inflammable passions of those who most patronize theatres, and discuss, in bar-rooms, the merits and claims of actors. In this country the press exercises a mighty power for good or evil, which should never become venal, or be made the scavenger of personal abuse, to endanger the public peace.

On the re-appearance of the individual who, in a thoughtless moment, had touched a tender spot, it was a piece of needless meddling for those who did not wish to see nor hear him, to put themselves in his way. Especially was it wrong for them to concert measures and plan violence against him. Better have staid away than go there to hoot like owls and bray like brutes. It was no justification that they could cite the Woods and Andersons, the Courier and Enquirer, or a thousand other cases in point, from the Greeks and Romans down. We profess to live in an age and country of popular liberty and equal rights, and the people should be cautious how they prove recreant to their principles and trench upon the rights of others.

4. When the riot of Monday night had been suffered by the police, a fair representation of which was present, to drive the obnoxious individual from the stage, without arresting the rioters, he, thereupon, had relinquished his engagement and made preparations to return quietly to his country and home; it seemed like the spirit of partisan bravado, or, at least, a very injudicious and unfortunate interference, to call upon him to retract his purpose, and defy the rage of the thoughtless and wicked throng which had driven him off on Monday, and promising him *protection* in the fulfillment of his engagement of some eighteen nights more. Had they loved order and quietness, it would have been better to let him go, as he would have gone, *peaceably* and honorably, than to play *as he did*, one more night, and then leave *seventeen nights* unperformed, and flee in in the darkness of midnight, as if both civil and military power could not protect him, though twenty persons had been killed on his account, most of them innocent of any participation in the riot.

5. I cannot exonorate from blame the multitudes of peaceable and orderly citizens who congregated about the theatre from mere curiosity, for their presence encouraged those miscreants who had planned the destruction of the building if they could not drive away the object of their hatred without. Sustained by so many and such respectable citizens as were gathered there, it was easy for them to transfer their hatred from one man to those who undertook, by force, to defend him. Had the thousands who never dreamed of joining the mob, kept away—staid at home with their friends, the mobocrats could have done nothing.

6. If they would not keep away they should have been requested to do so by those whose business it was to preserve order, before the mass had been collected, or become at all excited.

I took tea that night with the family next door to the theatre, and saw the agitation of the actors as they assembled at the stage door, and the first gathering of the people as they stood about in squads discussing the matter. At half past seven, while yet light, some two or three thousand persons had collected. I presume no one doubts that it would have been *right* for the proper authorities to have, at least, requested this congregation to disperse, seeing they apprehended a difficulty sufficiently serious to order out two companies of cavalry, two of infantry, and one of artillery, armed with the weapons of death. That precautionary step was taken successfully the next night, and the people readily yielded. All but those who were bent on evil would have done so on that night, and then the real offenders would either have been afraid, or, if resisting, could have been managed, and few would have lamented their fate, however severe.

7. I will not censure the authorities, for it is not proper to "speak evil of dignities." They doubtless struggled with themselves under the responsibility of preserving the peace. But I heard an official, who figured in that melancholy affair, make an expression, I was sorry to hear from such a source. As he passed by me, on the cross walk from Waverly Place, going to the scene, a gentleman with him, he remarked with an oath, "I'll be —— if we han't got soldiers enough ordered out to disperse any mob that can be collected here." I trembled from that moment, for if the military was relied upon instead of the police, which could have been increased to any amount, it was easy to foresee there would be serious trouble.

8. The generalship displayed in arranging the military along the side walk, close under the walls of the theatre, so as to receive all the missiles aimed at the building, whether they fell short or hit it, or fell upon them, is, at least, questionable to our inexperience in martial tactics. Had they taken the other walk, they would have found less trouble in dislodging the multitude, or, at least, in determining whether it was the soldiery or the theatre at which the stones were hurled.

9. When worst comes to worst, and the "dogs of war" must be let loose, it was a great pity the proper persons could not have been selected, instead of battering private houses, and killing peaceable travelers who were going right on their way, and scaring a poor negro woman who was at home, quietly in her house. Lead bullets, driven by gunpowder, are dangerous things in the hands of unskillful men, when sent about the crowded streets of a city. I think some of our soldiers cannot be great on a target excursion.

10. Lastly. If it was designed to maintain a *right*, claimed for Mr. Macready, and those who wished to hear him, that both civil and military power was invoked, it is a sad shame that such *rights* have been denied, and they have been cheated out of *seventeen* night's pay on one hand, in a lawful calling, and as many of entertainment on the other, and at the expense of *principle*, "law and order," and everything set up in justification of the entire proceeding of Thursday night. They who talk of the triumph of *right and order*, over the lawless mob, it seems to me, make a mistake. The request to Mr. M. was, to play out his engagement, assuring him he should be sustained. That is what the authorities undertook to do. He has not done it, but has fled away between two days, and gone to England, declaring he will never appear in this country again. It seems to me that is a singular way to sustain a man against his lawless assailants. And I cannot see how the 'example' will be so favorable in future times. Such indiscriminate slaughter, such a cutting short engagements, such a doing what the mob set about to accomplish, cannot beget much respect for the sacredness of human life, or that method of sustaining men in the exercise of their rights.

In conclusion, it seems to me a profitable moral may be gained by all who reflect seriously on the different acts, and calmly and justly upon the conduct of the managers and performers of the various parts in this fearful tragedy. They will see many points at which the sad results might have been avoided, the drop curtain let fall, and the performance ended without bloodshed. Had the Christian principle "it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong," prevailed with the leaders of either party, and had the magistracy "foreseen the evil," and urged peaceable and well-disposed citizens to have left the ground before any demonstration had been made, our city would have been spared the disgrace it now suffers, and many families the sorrows which now afflict them. But it is over; and that no more brute passions may be excited in such a cause, or lead to such fatal extremities, is the sincere wish of W. S. B.

"GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

A subscriber writes to us as follows: "Please pass the enclosed $2 00 to my credit, and if further indebted, send bill and I will pay it. I do not like to owe anything to a paper that disseminates what I hold to be a great truth."

If this is not an acceptable improvement on the old fashioned plan of Newspaper dunning, we will have an original article next time. Enough of such patrons would put a stop to all clamorous duns.

CHANGES.

Address Rev. A. A. Thayer, Methuen, Mass.; Rev. W. W. Dean, Quincy, Mass.; Rev. H. Eaton, Milford, Mass.; Rev. E. Partridge, Walpole, Mass.; Rev. E. Robinson, Brimfield, Mass.; Rev. W. C. Brooks, Fairfield, Ind.; Rev. R. Breare, East Boston, Mass.; Rev. F. Elliot, East Medway, Mass.; Rev. G. J. Sanger, Sandwich, Mass.; Rev. W. S. Ballou, West Brattleborough, Vt.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

FLOWERS.

Beauteous dwellers of the earth,
On the mountain, in the glade—
In the sunshine, in the shade
Wheresoe'er our footsteps turn,
There ye seem to have your birth;
By the jocund scenes of mirth,
And beside the tearful urn,
Speaking with a sweet, intense,
Unobtrusive eloquence.

Wherefore do ye ever smile—
E'en when weeping smile through tears?
Is it only to beguile,
Human hearts a little while
Of their griefs and fears!

Ministers of love are ye,
Flowers, ever blessed flowers,
An impress of divinity—
Not marred and stained like ours,
In your every form of grace
On your every beauteous face.

O! there is often in some flower

That blooms beside our way,
More than the faltering tongue has power
Of heart-deep thought to say,—
For oft the lip has failed to tell,
In words, what flowers had spoken well. M.

New London, April 1849.

DOING A LANDLORD:

OR GETTIN' THE VALUE ON'T.

Shortly after the completion of the "Great National Road" through Ohio, the incident I am about to relate occurred.

There was, in a quiet little village through which this "Road" passed, a hotel where the stages always *changed*, and the passengers *expected* to get breakfast. The landlord of said hotel was noted for his "tricks upon travellers," who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!" whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out and take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them for which however, they had to fork over *Fifty cents*. Time and place you have; now, for the how our hero succeeded in *getting the value on't*

The hero I speak of was *one* of *nine* male passengers in a stage coach which was slowly approaching the village above mentioned, one cold morning in February, 183—.

"Gentlemen!" said one of the nine, "I have often traveled this road before, and out of good feeling to all, I will caution you against 'hugging the delusive phantom of hope,' as regards getting breakfast at the hotel we are approaching."

"What?—how? No breakfast?" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your *seats* and *tin*."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh yes! they expect you *to it*, but not to *eat it*. I am under the impression, that there is an understanding between the landlord and driver, that, for sundry and various *drinks*, &c., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"Why, wot on airth air ye talkin' 'bout? Ef you calkerlate I'm goin' to pay 'four ninepences' fur my breakfuss and not *git the value on't*, you *air* mistaken'!" said a voice from the back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "*tew hum*" they called him "*Hez*" for short. "I'm goin' tew get my breakfuss yere, and not pay 'nary red' till I dew."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as ye knows on, I wont!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord, ready to 'do the hospitable,' says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents! Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though "Hez" took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "*Stage ready*!" "Up rise *eight* grumbling passengers, pay their 50 cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host.

"*One* missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host found Hez very cooly helping himself to an immense piece of steak.

"You'll be left, sir! stage is going to start!

"Wal, I haint got nothin' tew say agin it!" drawls out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir better take your seat."

"*Dew wot?*

"Get in, sir."

"I'll be gaul-darned ef I dew, nuther, 'till I've got my breakfuss! I paid for it, and *I'm goin' to get the valee on't*! and ef yew calkelate I an't, ye are mistakin."

So the stage *did* start, and left Hez, who continued at the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, &c., &c. disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say Square, them there cakes is *'bout East;* fetch us a nuther grist on 'em.' 'You!' (to the waiter;) nuther cup ov that air coffee. Pass them eggs.' 'Raise yew're own pork, Square?—this is mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout yere tolerable cheap, Squire? Hain't got much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dewin' right smart trade, Square, I calculate. *Dont lay yew're own eggs dew ye?*" and thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, Squire, now I'm 'bout to tew conclude payin' my *devowers* tew this ere table, but ef yew'd just giv' us a bowl o'bread and milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be obleeged tew ye."

So out goes the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and bread, and set them before Hez.

"*Spewn, tew, ef yew please!*"

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of *silver ones* lying on the table when the stage stopped.

'Say, yew! dew you think them passengers is goin' tew pay you for a breakfuss and not have *no compensashun?*'

'Ah! what! Do think any of the passengers took them?'

"Dew I *think*? No, I don't *think*, but I am cartain ef they air all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' tew locate immediately.'

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage and says something to the driver, in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out to take his seat, and says—

'Heow air yew, gents? *I'm rotten glad tew see you*!'

Landlord says to Hez, 'Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?'

'Pint him out? Sartinly, I ken. Say, Squire! I paid you four ninepences fur a breakfast, and I calculate I GOT THE VALLEE ON'T. You'll find *them spoons in the coffee-pot*!'

Go ahead, *all aboard*, driver.—[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

EXPECTED SAVINGS BANK.

Under this title the 'Liverpool Mercury' gives the following story: 'A curate, who had for nineteen years received the paltry stipend of £100 a year from his well endowed rector, for performing the pastoral duties of a rather extensive rural parish, lately applied to the noble patron of that and many other livings for promotion to an incumbency of £130 per annum. His lordship was startled by the application, and wrote to inquire into the cause of it, seeing that, according to the present law, the curacy already held was entitled to £150 a year by the scale as to population. The curate replied that he had never received more than £100. Whereupon the noble patron wrote to the rector, to whom his word was law in such a case, and ordered the paying up of all arrears, £950, with interest, the whole amounting to above £1400—a handsome fortune to the poor clergyman, who is also to receive his full salary in future. He has, therefore, occasion to rejoice in having unconsciously saved a pretty little property, which, if received during the whole time, might have glided out of his possession almost imperceptibly.

NEWSPAPER CREDIT SYSTEM.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the National Intelligencer, says that the outstanding debts due to that establishment, are estimated at $400,000.—*Atlas.*

This shows the folly of the credit system in the newspaper business. The National Itelligencer is one of the oldest, as well as one of the best, newspapers in the country; and we believe that its list of subscribers is, in the score of respectability, wealth and mind, equal if not superior to that of any other newspaper establishment in the country. There is hardly a whig planter in the Southern States but is a subscriber to the Intelligencer. There are hundreds of persons, men of wealth too, who have for years been receiving and reading that paper without contributing a cent to the support of its proprietors, two of the most generous hearted men in the United States.

We doubt not that there are other subscription books, the propietors of which can tell as sad a story as that given above. The loss to every paper of the kind is not less, on an average than twenty per cent. per annum. We know of an instance which occurred in this city a few years ago, where an old establishment was compelled to fail; and at the same time its outstanding debts were not less than $25,000, not one quarter part of which was ever collected by the assignees. The late Major Russel once attempted to draw up his subscribers to a paying point—some of them were indebted to him for twenty years subscription. One of these, an old farmer, having received a lawyer's letter, called upon the Major, and in a great rage ordered him to stop his paper. "I'll be d——d," said he, "if I will take a paper of any man who duns me to pay for it!" The old scoundrel had read the paper for over twenty years without paying a cent to its proprietors.—*Boston Herald.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

THE FLOWERET.

A sweet little bud by a shady nook
Was opening its petals bright;
And I saw its tiny leaves unfold,
Mid the gleams of golden light.

I passed the spot where the floweret grew,
By the early dawn of day—
And a dew-drop sparkled in its cup,
And fair was its smile and gay.

I passed again, ere the noontide sun
Had stole through the branches there,
And the floweret drooped its lovely head,
Unmoved by the balmy air.

Then I thought—as I saw it drooping low
And its beauteous tints depart—
Thus perish the fairest flowers of Hope,
That grow in the human heart.

West Wrentham.

Original.

LITTTE FLORENCE.

BY THERESA,

I chanced one day to meet with a pretty blackeyed little girl, some three or four years old, who amused me very much by her innocent, and artless conversation. As I entered the room where she was, in search of another child, she looked up with a timid glance, and addressing me in a low soft voice, she said: "I've got a new bonnet." And placed a little white muslin one on her head, to show me how pretty it looked, and how nicely it fitted. She was not very beautiful, but she looked so innocent, and harmless, that I could not help kissing her soft cheek, and then I praised her "new bonnet," and inquired who made it. "Martha," she replied.

"And what is your name?" "Florence," she answered. "And whose little girl are you?" "Mother's," she replied. "Where does your mother live?" "She lives at home."

I could not help smiling at her artless replies, though I was not much wiser than before, for I did not know "Martha," or her "mother," either. I concluded however, that, "Martha" was an older sister, who took pleasure in dressing up little "Florence," who was perhaps the youngest of the family, and a favorite with all. How happy was she in her artless innocence. Her "home," and her "mother," "Martha," and her "new bonnet," seemed to be all that occupied her thoughts and feelings, all that was necessary for her present happiness.

I love pretty children—I love to gaze at their smiling faces, and listen to their artless prattle; but a shadow comes over my spirit, when I see a frown darken their sunny brows, or hear them speak unkindly to those who love them.

Putney, Vt., April 6th, 1849.

From Godey's Lady's Book for June.

THE ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

On returning, after an absence of some years from my native city, I met among other well remembered and cherished friends, my old school-mate and college companion Herbert Belrose. Most cordially did he grasp my hand, showing that the fire of early friendship still burned brightly in his bosom.

'You must come home and take tea with me,' said he, as he stood holding my hand tightly in his.

'Then you are married?' I returned.

'Oh yes! I belong to the sober stay-at home class of citizens. So you must accept my invitation. I will call for you as I leave my counting-room this afternoon. It will be delightful to have a good chat about old times.'

I assented, well pleased at the arrangement, and at the time agreed upon, Belrose called for me. On being presented to his wife, I was surprised to meet a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, with foreign accent and features. There was something very striking in her whole aspect. Once seen, you could never forget her; you seemed to be gazing on some pictured form, a painter's dream of loveliness. But, if her face was my instant admiration, how much more charmed was I, after the reserve of our first meeting wore away, to note the simple but true grace of every motion, and to listen to the music of her voice, as she joined, with more than ordinary intelligence, in the conversation that followed.

'Where did you meet with this lovely woman?' said I to Belrose, at our next meeting. To me she stood forth the embodiment of some beautiful ideal, long dwelling in the regions of fancy.'

'The story is a romantic one,' replied my friend, smiling.

'Will you relate it?

'Oh certainly, if you think you will feel interest enough to listen.'

'Let me hear it by all means, I said.

My friend then related the following story.

'Three years ago, I went to Europe and passed through Italy. On the day of my arrival at Naples, as I was passing along one of the streets, a lovely young girl, with a basket of flowers on her arm approaching with a smile, presented a handsome bouquet, and in her musical Italian asked me to accept it.

Such a favor from a fair young stranger was not, of course, to be declined. In taking it I looked earnestly into her sweet face, and her eyes lingered for a moment or two in mine; then she turned, and was lost in the crowd of people that filled the streets

'In relating this incident to a young Englishman at the hotel, he did not seem much surprised. His remark was: 'One of the cunning flower girls. How much did your bouquet cost you?'

'Nothing,' I replied 'Why should it?

'Ah! I perceive you don't understand these Italian girls. You are a fine-looking young fellow, and a stranger with plenty of money to spend. You are gallant too. All this a pair of bright Italian eyes can see at a glance. The girl was simply a flower girl, and by her little ruse expected to receive about ten prices for her bouquet:

'Ah!' said I in return. 'That's the meaning of it? I wish I had known it before,

'You will see her again.'

'Think so?'

'Without doubt. She will never lose sight of you. Walk out to-morrow, and ere you are in the street twenty minutes, you will receive another and still richer bouquet from her hands.'

'And he was right. I received soon after appearing abroad on the next morning, another bunch of flowers from the same fair hand, and the girl was rewarded with a gold coin. She took the money, and as her eye fell upon it and she saw its value, a deep flush passed over her face, and dropping me a low curtesy, while her eyes expressed thankfulness, she turned and was a few minutes lost to my view. On the day following, the next and the next, I looked for my beautiful flower girl, but saw her nowhere upon the streets.

'One day, a week after my arrival in Naples I rode out to enjoy the charming views everywhere presenting themselves. A few miles from the city, I stopped to look through the grounds attached to an old and princely residence, the property of a decayed Italian nobleman. Ruin was upon every hand. The fine portico of elaborately wrought marble had suffered much from time and violence. Statues were overthrown and broken fountains choaked up, and rank weeds were towering over delicate garden flowers, half hiding their beauty and destroying their perfume. While wandering amid these fading evidences of former wealth and grandeur, I came suddenly upon my beautiful flower girl, sleeping on a green bank. The noise of feet awakened her, and she started up with a look of fear. In a moment she recognized me, and recovered, in a measure, her self-possession. She was much changed. Her face looked anxious, and there was a humidity about her eyes, as if the tears were just ready to gush forth. I spoke to her in her own language, and the real kindness and sympathy I felt, were understood in an instant. I soon learned that she was nearly the last member of an old and noble family reduced to poverty. In one of the apartments of this ancient ruin, she was living with her aged father; and she remained his sole support and comforter. As a flower girl she obtained the means of sustenance for her parent. But he was now very ill. For three days and nights she had watched over him, unwearied in spirits, though her body had suffered from fatigue. The money I had given her had enabled her to remit her efforts to procure the means of sustenance for a few days; but it was now all gone, and while gathering flowers for another visit to the city, she had reclined upon the soft grass and there fallen asleep.

"Affected by her story, so artlessly told, I asked to see her father, and she took me to the apartment where lay a venerable old man, but a few paces from the end of his journey. While I yet lingered in the room, his spirit sighed itself away, and passed to another and better world.

"Thrown thus strangely and providentially in the way of this lovely and innocent girl, in a far off land, I could not turn from her in her deep affliction. Oh, no! that would have been less than human. All in my power to do, to make less crushing the sorrow that was pressing upon her heart, was done. Learning, after the burial of her father, that she was the last of her line, and that she stood friendless in the world, I procured her a temporary home in a highly respectable English family to whom I had been introduced. Here I saw her daily; and you will not be surprised at the result. You have met the Italian flower girl. She is my wife.

A YANKEE PREACHER ON PREDESTINATION

Let us, for argument's sake, say that I, Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned in the river at Smith's Ferry, next Tuesday morning, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and suppose I know it, and suppose I am a free moral, voluntary and accountable agent—do you suppose that I am going to be drowned? I rather guess not; I should stay at home; and you will never catch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's Ferry, no how, nor near the river neither.

WALKING.

Of all kinds of exercise, walking is that which is most universally attainable, and the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action, and especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more languidly and imperfectly performed, from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity to the return of the blood to the heart—calling, moreover, so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extensor muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercises, for the purpose of health, independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into freer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary and (at least in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthy influences of the direct rays of the sun.

FAMILY AND SOCIAL READING.

The benefits of social reading are manifold. Pleasures shared with others are increased by the partnership. A book is ten-fold a book when read in the company of beloved friends, by the ruddy fire, on the wintry evenings; and when our intellectual pleasures are bathed in domestic affection. An elegant writer, recommending the practice of reading aloud, says: "Among a thousand means of making home attractive—a main point in ethics—this stands high, What is more pleasing? What more attractive? What more rational! He would be a benefactor indeed, who would devise a plan for redeeming our evenings—and rally the young men who scatter to clubs and taverns, and brawling assemblies. Such a reformer and inventor would deserve a garland of heart's-ease from the hands of slighted woman. Families which are in a state of mutual repulsion have no evenings together over books or music.

STEUBEN ASSOCIATION.

The Steuben Association will meet in Annual Session at Reading, on the last Saturday, 30th, and following Sunday in June, 1849.

Ministering brethren and friends all—who can make it convenient—we hope to see you at our meeting.

Delegates from the several societies will see the necessity of their attendance *early* on Saturday; as the business of our Council must be commenced and closed on that day.

Papers of our denomination sent to this place, please notice the above. A. Upson, S. Clerk.

ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.

This body will hold its Annual Session in Potsdam, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday, in June next.

The several societies within its limits are earnestly requested to furnish their delegates with Statistical information concerning the condition of their Society, and the prospects of the cause in their vicinity.

Ministering brethren from sister Associations are cordially invited to attend and partake of the expected feast. Each resident Minister will of course, know his duty.

G. Swan, S. Clerk.

ONTARIO ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of the Ontario Association of Universalists will assemble in Victor, Ont. Co., June 12th and 13th, being the second Wednesday and Thursday. Council meets first day at 8 A. M.; and at 10 1-2 A. M. Br. H. L. Hayward will deliver the Occasional Sermon.

Number of delegates from each society, *two*. To entitle them to seats in Council, to their certificates must be subjoined a statistical report of their respective societies—number of members—how much preaching—average attendance—Sabbath School—how many members, &c.

The Victor society will give a cordial welcome to all Ministers and Laymen who may attend. They expect a great meeting. J. R. Johnson, S. Clerk.

Victor, N. Y.

QUENNEBAUG ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of the Quennebaug Association of Universalists, will be held in New London, Conn., on the 3d Wednesday, 20th day of June 1849.

☞ A full delegation should be present.

T. J. Greenwood, Standing Clerk.

BUFFALO ASSOCIATION.

This body will meet in Annual Session at Boston, Erie Co., on the second Wednesday and following Thursday, 13th and 14th of June proximo. Br. Sax was appointed to preach the Occasional Sermon, and Br. S. R. Smith to preach an Eucharistic Sermon. It is to be hoped that a full delegation from all the Societies, all our ministers, and several neighboring clergymen will be present. Friends far and near are invited. Let us have a good meeting. J. B. Sax, Standing Clerk.

ALLEGANY ASSOCIATION.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will meet in Rushford, Allegany County, N. Y., the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (27th and 28th.) A full delegation from each Church and Society should be in attendance.

Ministers, and all others who can, are invited to be with us on that occasion. B. Hunt, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.

The Annual Session of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, will be held in Russia, Herkimer Co., N. Y., the second Wednesday and following Thursday of June next.—Brethren and Sisters from all parts of the Association and the adjoining Associations and all who can, especially Ministers, who *conveniently can*, and delegates from all the societies constituting this Association, are invited to attend. It may be expected that there will be preaching, the evening previous in the meeting-house at Grave's Hollow. The occasional sermon to be preached by Br. D. Skinner.

J. I. Hicks, *Standing Clerk.*

St. Johnsville, May 19th, 1849.

The Black River Association will be attended in Denmark, Lewis County, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (20 and 21) in June. We hope every society will be represented by two delegates duly certified as such by the Clerk of the Society.—Ministers will of course consider it a duty and a privilege to attend; and those from abroad will be gladly received. Let the people numerously and cheerfully attend this annual feast of Zion. P. Morse, S. Clerk.

Henderson, May 16, 1849.

INSTALLATION.

Br. C. H. Fay, will be installed as Pastor of the Orchard-st. Society, on the 2d Sabbath in June, (the 10th inst.) Services will commence at 3 1-2 P. M. Sermon by Rev. E. H. Chapin.

MARRIAGES.

In Newark Valley, March 22, by the Rev. C. S. Brown, Mr. E. G. Beard and Miss Emily Bowen, both of Newark Valley.

DEATHS.

In Hudson, Mr. William Hollenbeck, aged 61.

Also, Mr. Abner Hammond, aged 82.

Also, Mr. Richard Carrique, aged 72.

In Harford, Susquehannah Co., Pa., May 11th, Mrs. Chloe, wife of Dr. J. B. Streeter, aged 53 years. [Trumpet and Freeman please copy.]

In Ellisburgh, on the 5th of May, of the consumption, Mrs. Polly, wife of Rev. C. G. Persons, aged seventy-five years. The consolation of the gospel were administered by the writer, on the 6th, at the residence of Br. H. B. Person's, son of Father Person's, to a large congregation, and circle of mourning relatives, whose minds we attemped to refresh by pointing them to the virtues of the deceased. L. Rice.

Will the Universalist Watchman please copy.

In Ellisburgh, on the 26th of April, Mr. Nathan French, aged eighty-four years. Perhaps there was never a more examplary christian. When we were asked to show the moral tendency of our doctrine, we were always glad to point to our aged Father in Israel, as a bright example of the effect of that faith. The deceased was the father of Br. John French. L. R.

In Madison, April 17th, Mrs. Mary Ann Gaylard, in the 40th year of her age.

Mrs. G. suffered long with consumption, combined with other dangerous maladies; and though she expressed a strong desire to live, yet she was comforted with the hope of the Gospel, and was enabled to say, "If it be the will of God I am ready to depart." She has left two orphans, and an aged mother, brothers, and a sister, to mourn the loss of her society. May the God of the widow and the fatherless be their strength and consolation. The funeral obsequies were observed on the 18th, at the Universalist Church. The writer gave a discourse, assisted in the services by the Rev. Mr. Lathrop, of the Methodist Church.

R. E.

On the 22d inst., Hellen Amanda, daughter of Abner and Hellen L. Mellen, aged 1 year.